

ABOUT TOWN LOTS.

Mrs. M. L. Rayne in Detroit Free Press.

"No that ain't a view of our graveyard, stranger," said the man on the cracker box, "that's a site of our town lots an' the city hall, with a clock tower an' lightnin' rod an' all modern improvements. An' them signs that look like grave-stones are inducements to buy while the market was kind o' easy, as it was then."

"But, but, I don't see any town," suggested the stranger, as he seated himself on a quintal of codfish, and kept one eye out for the stage.

"It's there tho', jes' as much as it ever was," retorted the cracker box orator. "It was'n nothin' but premeditated disappointment that prevented our havin' the finest town hall in the State of Nebraska—that an' the pesky Injuns."

There was a grunt from the counter, where several rows of moccasined feet hung dangling, but the storekeeper handed out a scoopful of dried apples and the reservation aborigines were appeased.

"I sed Inguns, an' I'll stick to it if the hull reserve cuts loose. Them pets of the Gover'm't did it, but I might allow it warn't done in malice. No, much as I dispe the hull caboodle, I mus' say t'warn't did in malice s' far as enny of us could foresee."

"Was there a m-a-s-s-a-c-r-e?" asked the codfish man, turning white about the gills.

"Nope, 'twarn't as bad as that, tho' it took on that complexion for a time. You see them Injuns at the reserve are friendlies—they have to be, 'cause the Gover'm't's takin' care of 'em. Builds nice houses on the bluffs for 'em with windys of ra'al glass, portvazzas, an' chimbleys that draws like a house afire."

"And do they live in them?" asked the stranger.

"Not a squaw's son of 'em. They board up the windy's fust thing—then they go'f on a hunt, an' come back to the reserve to get somethin' to eat, and to winter comfable, that's what they do."

"But about the town lots?" reminded the stranger, looking at his watch.

"Oh, they're under them board headstuns on the town squar. You can't see it 'cause its covered with weeds, but them boards'tickin' up is in saered mem'ry of what never was. You see it was this way: I had jes' come here then, an' hadn't cut my eye teeth, so I fell right inter the plan. It was to cut De-eantaur up inter choice lots, an' make a town of it. Lord! it wasn't nothin' but prairie dog villages an' rattler's holes then. The only amusement we hed was huntin' them vermin. So the bizness men, Cap. Lemming an' some other fellers, sent to Omaha an' hed a lot of cirklars printed, all about the galorous climate an' the fine vews, an' how cheap land was, an' sent 'em round to all the farmers in that deestrick, invitin' of them in on a certain day to buy town lots, an' hev' some fun. Thet last was put in big letters an' it said they was to bring the hull fam'ly an' hev' a picnic. An' you bet we hed it!"

"Shall I order fine cut or plug?" inquired the stranger, glancing sideways at the blanketed objects sitting on the counter.

"Eyther'll suit 'em fust rate, seein' its agin the law to give them anything stronger," answered the man on the cracker box, and he reached over for his share; "taint perique, but it goes. As I was relatin', the farmers an' themselves an' their families, was all invited in, an' the women folks here just cooked for 'em one straight week. Heaps of chicken pies, an' dried apple pies, an' bushels of dough-nuts, an' lots more I can't think of, an' then the men went to work an' hatched up a scheme to make fun for 'em an' put all the ole fellers in good humor so they'd make the

town lots rattle. An' they did; oh, they did!"

"I think I hear the stage coming," said the stranger, looking after his grip.

"No, you don't. That stage was never known to git here till two hours after she's due, which is about now," and the cracker-box man took out a big silver watch, shook up the works, placed it to his ear an' put it back in his pocket without looking at it. Then he gave a deep sigh. "Queer, isn't it, that when you try to make a pleasure for folks, you're as likely as not to pizen them. You lend an ole gun to somebody to go huntin' with, thinkin' you're doin' 'em a kindness, an' the peaceble ole weepen goes off an' kills 'em. It don't take the whole hand of Providence to upset our plans. Jes' a finger'll do it most o' the time."

"Wha' was I? Oh, yes, there was a lot of runnin' back an' yon to the agency for the Injins 'bout that time, but I warn't in the secret. Howsumever, when the day come, jes' as bright as a new tin-pan all scoured up, sure enough there was tables laid right contingent like to them town lots, with enuff good vittles to fill a thousand hungry folks, an' the women all stood 'round with their smart gowns on a-waitin' for the fun that had been promised."

"Wa'al, I declare to goodness I can never forget it. There was the tables all laid out so nice an' all the men folks out a smirkin' kind of knowin', an' there was a long stream of farmers' wagons all filled with the wives an' daughters in their best clus, an' as I was lookin' at them, kind of promiskus like, there came a noise as if all the wolves, an' wild-cats, an' lions, an' tigers, an' the roarin' critters of all kentries had broke loose, an' I looked on t'other side an' saw all the fightin' Injuns in the reservation a tearin' down the bluffs wearin' their war-paint an' feathers an' a war-whoopin' an' screechin' like to raise the dead. I guessed rite off that they had been hired to come, an' that was the fun we was to have."

"Scared? Wa'al, I was. If I could have moved a ped I'd her hoofed it back to civilization 'thout ever stoppin', but I jus' couldn't stir han' nor foot. The women all crawled under the tables, an' that made me larf. Then I kinder looked to see how the farmers took it, ef they were gettin' fun ernuff, an' I vow if every las' one of 'em had'n't turned roun' an' war racin' back home jes' as fast as their horses could get thar. Fun? I guess they hadn't calculated on any fun with Comanches, an' Blackfeet an' Sioux Indians. I mus' say the aboriginays done theirselves credit. They cleared them tables so there weren't no vittle wasted, an' they pow-wow'd, and war-danced, an' pipe-smoked all the rest of the day, an' there was a squar' fight betwixt Little Turtle an' Tom Stick-in-the-Mud, but them town lots didn't have a ghost of a show. An' we buried 'em so deep they ain't never come up agin. Thar's that air slow coach now. Bye, pard."

In connection with the subject of the quality of the brain there is one point of great importance about which I can only say a few words. It is that we have a great many motor elements in our brain and our spinal cord which we neglect absolutely to educate. Such is the case particularly with the elements of the left hand. Perhaps, however, fathers and mothers will be more ready to develop the natural powers of the left hand of their children, thereby giving them two powerful hands, if they accept that, as I believe, the health of the brain and spinal cord would improve if all their motor elements were fully exercised.—Dr. Brown-Sequard.

THERE is no longer doubt as to who is meant by the "man from Maine."—Indianapolis News.

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